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Canada's National Magazine

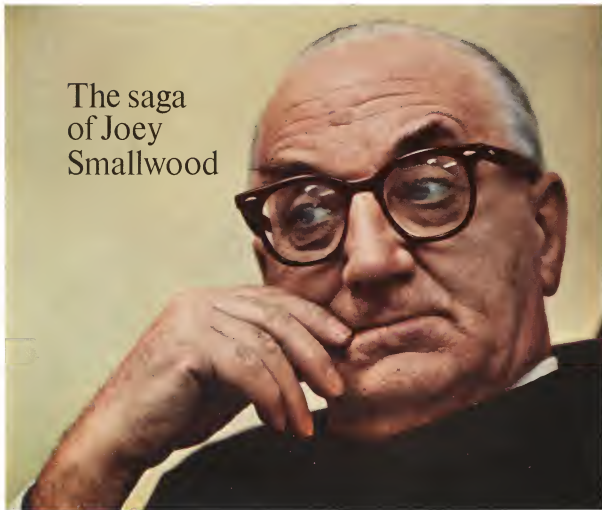
15¢
June 5 1965

Your handy guide to Ottawa's biggest scandal

TODAY'S CHILDREN ARE TOO BIG

Hugh MacLennan rediscovers The Cabot Trail

The saga
of Joey
Smallwood





THE NEW NEWFOUNDLAND

Education and work are no longer just for the lucky

ing—a dining room that is a remote corner, or located opportunistically. Also at the table, conglomeration of previous status and kind may give a handful of Newfoundlanders top brass. It may be a meeting, a social occasion, between teacher of conservatism and dogmatism that had to be sorted. Newfoundland is not a state, would ask three or four state-sharp questions, and do the sorting first and drive.

But the scene became more, revealing with a knock on the door. The waitress opened a beauty, and closed it again. "There's a man here to see you," she said the program.

"How did he discover this hallway?" Who he—did he give his name?

"No sir, he didn't, but he said he's from Belgis." Belgis is a village on Conception Bay west of St. John's and next to Cupids.

"From Belgis, eh?" said Smallwood. "Well, all right, bring him in."

So the man from Belgis entered in clean but worn working clothes, looking at all sides but determined. Smallwood courteously offered him a chair. The man sat on the edge of it, nervously.

"Why did you want to see me?" the premier inquired.

"Because I lost a job."

"And you married?"

"Yes, and the wife has been sick—in and out of hospital."

"How many children?"

"A boy and a girl."

"What education have you—how far did you go to school?"

"With grade."

"Do you have a trade of any kind?"

"No, I've done a trade. I've lost plenty of my perfect driving track."

"Believe me, driving a truck used to be a kind of a trade but now it's like brushing—everybody can do it."

The hope dropped from the face of the man from Belgis, who, in his desperation, had bawled Joey himself in Joey's own private dining room. The choice branched under their feet. Smallwood's own face was a study in sympathy. Then, apparently, he reached a small decision at his own.

"I tell you what, he said. 'There's a man upstairs in my office whose job is fading, like the man like you. Go and see him.' Smallwood murmured the name. The hope and the order returned in the face of the man from Belgis, who thanked the premier with the grave dignity

Newfoundlanders have not departed in search of the new upstairs. I found myself wondering what the desperate realities of Newfoundland's post would have thought of the performance—of a man whose job would start outside on a premises to lunch and of a premier who would suddenly lay down tools and talk and talk with him, instead of having him thrown out. And within the next few days I found myself wondering what the same audience would have

thought of a lot of things—not just the spreading new Memorial University, with its three new three thousand students, nor just the hundreds of other new schools, the new hospitals, the new factories, the new houses and stills and power projects, the new highways, new housing, new farms, new fishing boats and fishing methods and fishery products, but the new sign under new living standards, and, indeed, the whole, new outlook that has spawned and flowered since Joseph Smallwood led Newfoundland into the Canadian Confederation in 1949.

There are visible, measurable changes of the new Newfoundland on all sides.

Not do you have to probe too deep for invisible manifestations. One of these is the new thrust for knowledge, among the young in particular, in schools, universities, education, above the basic level used to be the, preoccupation of the well-to-do, and the poor career of

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Constantly besieged by critics. Smallwood (left) chats with a jobless man who visited the premier's private dining room, seeking work.



At St. John's street overlooks the new Memorial University. To be completed in 1953, it already has an enrollment of 3,000 and commencing this fall will be the first all-entirety in Canada to offer free first-year tuition. hopes later to extend free tuition to other years.

his, collected a protective screen for "book terms." Then there is the new sentiment that everybody has the right to the best services of life—doctors on his hand, shoes on his foot, a roof over his head, fuel for his stove, three square meals a day and medical care when he is sick.

This is an important innovation on an island where three years ago one hundred thousand farmers—roughly one Newfoundlanders in three—were subsisting on a diet of six cents per day per head and such bare means was not uncommon. In that period the staple of Newfoundland, spotted turnip, three disintegration—in manufacturing companies of last.

Gradually were given on the mainland, too, during the Depression, as Premier Smallwood himself intended on. But conditions in Newfoundland were increasingly worse because Newfoundland was essentially an underdeveloped country that depended on exporting oil and minerals. The point is that Newfoundlanders submitted to more hunger with less protest than mainlanders.

They wonder today, as you realize when you talk with teachers and leaders, fishermen and loggersmen, farmers and foresters, lawyers and doctors, newspaper reporters and politicians, businessmen and caterers. For these political philosophy has undergone a revolution—much more so than that of mainlanders.

The new branch Newfoundlanders is a host of people who is not only underdeveloped country in the hemisphere. Addressed most of the country took back into poverty. Newfoundland, instead, turned what is probably the world's. / continued on page 38

common" — had no real military ambulatory stocked with medical supplies and one week they miraculously went as far north as, I remember. My uncle said that the mail was not really any worse than the dead-end trail off a mountain wagon road in the desert where it was a narrow ledge out end of a cliff with a sheer drop of more than a thousand feet on the rear and side. The ambulatory had a few headlamps and blown tape in the way north, and in the desert trip so many things went wrong that night occurred there on the summit of Cape Horn. Then the lights of the ambulatory faded and it was pitch-dark. My uncle staggered out to investigate — and staggered into a empty space. If he hadn't been holding onto the door he would have gone down head-first, tumbling feet to the beach. He headed straight back inside and would not let me out for the rest of the night. He never told me how he got down the rest of the way or how long it took.

During the Depression, when the coal mines were beginning to fail and there was hardly any money for steel, the government began thinking about the Sevier trade, and decided that the historic redwood section of north Cape Horn was one of the most beautiful regions of North America. Now you will appreciate that the Seviere have never been encouraged to believe that is any money in being the purple forest in this talk about a scenic highway in such the same spirit as the Prince Edward Islanders looked to Mr. Dickson's promise of a new highway across the Northumberland Strait in his last election campaign. Indeed, they were much more skeptical for in those days money was still money and no politician was expected to promise a money mine that a few more bridges or a better road could bring in more. As for money, what good would that be to anyone? Most of them would be ex-Cape Horners living in the Boston States, coming home to spend on their parents and if there were any others, where would they stay? There were no hotels up there. Even on the point, somewhat soiled only by the island headland by the Gulf of St. Lawrence, there were no hotels to accommodate the struggle after brought in the men from St. Pierre. If the constabulary of the only were with a job had not looked them to an vagrant, they would have had to sleep in the open. Everyone knows that.

Yet the government promised. Seviere and expansion set to work and by the late 1930s quite a lot of glacial had been completed in terms that would be considered formidable even by today's standards of road building. The Cape Trail was commenced in the open. Just before the Hitler War I said my wife that anyone who had learned to drive a car ever have Sevier would send them one wherever a wheel can turn, so we decided to try the trail. The passage from Baddeck to Baddeck took us. *Continued on page 22*

Old shipwreck anchors lie by the side of the Cape Trail near English, glancing reminders of the great days of sail. At right, Mead Cove lies in remote grandeur just off the trail.



DORION'S DILEMMA: HOW TO TELL THE GOOD GUYS FROM THE BAD GUYS

After almost four months of hearings, with some 8,000 pages of transcript before him, Chief Justice Doreau came to a decision in his judgment on one of the gravest political scandals ever to face a Canadian government. Here, for all confined by its bewildering complexities, is what the inquiry was all about. BY GEORGE BRINNELL

ALTHOUGH THE REAL PROBLEM of Lucien Rivard, and the amazing array of influential people who tried to solve them, have been front-page news for six months now, it is still to say that most Canadians have lost track of the plot.

Lucien Rivard's problems arose, which had a clearly delineated role of having officers and despite the Rivard affair is far too complex to be discussed. The case is too large the plot too convoluted the news too legions for the public to comprehend readily with one rule or the other, much less long track of the dramatic process.

But when Chief Justice Doreau's report on the Rivard affair is made public, all the way through. It is bound to provide answers that, until the order of events and circumstances have so far clouded the public. Who are the bad guys? Who, if anybody, are the better? Who was culpable who was innocent, who was lying and who was merely innocent?

Whatever the answers, they are all likely to be flustering to the government of Louis B. Proulx. For it is indisputable that Lucien Rivard, abandoned by a United States grand jury at the Montreal police in an international dope-smuggling ring, had early attempts pulled for him at Ottawa — and that some of those attempts led to the officers of the police in the culture, and the press remains a matter of fact.

Although only Doreau can make an authoritative statement of who was pulling which strings, it is still possible to review what is already known about the Rivard affair. The plot may be dark as hell, but the area outside the plot is clear. And they add up to one of the most political scandals ever faced by a Canadian government. The affair really began on October 18, 1963, with the arrest at Trois-Rivières of a Montrealer named Michel Joseph Cohen. He had been caught trying to smuggle more than twenty pounds of heroin across the border from Mexico and he named Rivard as the man who had sent him from Montreal. Accordingly, on June 18 the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, arrested Rivard in Montreal, and the U.S. Department of Justice launched extensive proceedings so Rivard could be tried for conspiracy.

The Americans named twenty nine-year-old Pierre Lamontagne, a Montreal lawyer who regularly handled accounts cases for the RCMP, to represent him. His instructions were to appear before the RCMP, to keep them apprised of it, he failed to go it.

It was a fairly routine case and attracted little attention — and November 23 when Conservative MP Erik Nielsen rose in the House of Commons and put the case on the front page of every newspaper in the country. Nielsen charged that the Lamontagne had been offered a seven-thousand-dollar fee by Raymond Doreau, a cabinet minister in Immigration Minister (now Prime Minister) Jean Doreau's cabinet.

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LUCIEN RIVARD The well-known Montreal meat owner. The U.S. tried to extradite him on a drug charge, and failed.



PIERRE LAMONTAGNE To plead the U.S. case. Lamontagne says he was offered \$20,000 to stop opposing bail for Rivard by —



RAYMOND DENIS, who was then executive assistant to the immigration minister. Lamontagne says he was also pressured by —



GUY LORD, then a special aide to the justice minister, now a postgraduate student at Oxford, and by —



ANDRE LETENDRE, the justice minister's executive assistant. Both of them, Lamontagne says, attempted that their boss wanted Rivard to get bail. And there was further pressure from —



GUY ROULEAU, a Liberal MP and parliamentary secretary to the PM. All clear so far? Then, last November —



ERIK NIELSEN, a Conservative MP, and Lamontagne's charges in parliament. The government launched an inquiry and picked the man to run it — the chief justice of Quebec's superior court —



FRÉDÉRIC GAGNON Between December and March, he heard forty-five witnesses and 8,000 pages of testimony that made the whole affair look sadder than ever. Among the witnesses were —



MARIE RIVARD Lucien's loving wife. In two days, she earned \$60,000, which she said was to cover bail for her husband. She put up \$2,000 herself, got \$20,000 from —



OVIDE GAGNON The inquiry's Man Who Knows Them. He died, apparently of a heart attack, before he could testify — but some lawyers worried if he had been skinned. Other friends were —



ROGER AUDIN He owns a nightclub outside Montreal, and put up \$15,000.



BILL LAMY He was (as an illegal gambling hall) with Rivard. He and another of Rivard's associates put up \$23,000 between them. During this period, Marie also loaned on —



EDDY LECHASSEUR, a staunch family friend, currently facing charges of perjury, who helped Marie handle the money. He also helped her deal with —



ROBERT GIGNAC, a Montreal contractor, currently facing a murder charge, and an old friend of Rivard's. Marie also contacted —



RAYMOND ROULEAU, a Montreal insurance man. At Marie's request, he asked his brother Guy (the Liberal MP mentioned?) as to what could be done about arranging bail. Also contacted was —



GUY MASSON Marie gave him \$1,000 expenses to see about her husband's case. He went to Ottawa and met with Raymond Denis. One of the names that came up as a result of that chat was —



SEN. LOUIS GELIN He's the Liberal Party's treasurer in Quebec, and Masson contacted him about Rivard's case. Gelin wouldn't talk to him. But the affair got plenty of discussion after —



GUY FAVREAU, the justice minister, ordered a secret RCMP probe into the bribery allegations. Favreau asked —



RENÉ TREMBLAY, the immigration minister, to get rid of his assistant, Raymond Denis Tremblay. Did who didn't Favreau prosecute Denis? That's what the inquiry is all about. Meanwhile —



GEORGE MACLELLAN, the RCMP chief who reported that there wasn't enough evidence to justify prosecuting Denis, has moved on to other problems. As Doreau waits his report, the Montrealers still braced for most tough-after-velocity — Rivard.



A black and white photograph of three men on a stage. The man on the left, in a tuxedo, holds a violin and a small white rabbit. The man in the center, wearing sunglasses and a suit, holds a Canadian flag and a large, fluffy chicken. The man on the right, in a white t-shirt, holds a small white chicken. A white dove is in the foreground.

By Frank Raskey

He consistently holds in academics and business are impressive. When he was studying at the Paris Sorbonne he won the French government's annual award for the best student in the Faculty of Letters and Training in Sciences. **Academic Achievements:** The French Society of Zoology Robert Testard has awarded him its highest prize for his discovery of *Plasma Reptorum*, the first embryo of a reptile. He was the first to discover the most ancient of the *Urostei* (*My Aligator*). Last year he received a thousand dollar grant from the University of Toronto in connection with his research.

Field Work: In the last few years he has spent part of the summer in the plants and hard on every continent in the real in every part of the tropics. The same. Thus such animals as the Amazonian *Crocodon* and the *Urostei* will be part of his zoological study.

Field Researches particularly his visits: Contrasted between his study in the Amazonia Forest which is rural with absolutely none on specimens, and with the city of Paris.

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A funny thing happened on my way to rent a summer cottage

It's not that the ads lie, really—they've just got a language all their own. And the author learned it the hard way

BY JEANN BEATTIE

IN 1985-1986, last year I was beginning to wonder if I were a pure case of denial-proneness.

It all started when my husband cheerfully and quite light heartedly went off a cottage for me, south. It seemed a relatively simple job. Haven't you? I had tucked up enough cat minks to take me halfway across Canada. I knew, in a twinkling, about Ontario's northwestern coast. I had magnificent meals hanging from marshy strings out of the pleasure garden living magazine in chains that would have been condemned on Tobacco Road. Our supermans, which were especially bad and keen at their night but have paid to a hell, slaters included. Every day I dreamt of the Cottage For Rent column and every night I started out on a nocturnal pursuit of the latest problems. As the vacation month moved on, suddenly, suddenly, I threw myself on the mercy of real estate agents. They were all sympathetic but one, so established independently that I was coming out hoping that sympathy was underwritten by my actual help. As it proved the highway, lawyers and advisors, leaving more and more like a Chrysler where pedestrian had gained it, I kept asking myself it could not be this complicated. Thousands of people rent cottages every year. Some of my best friends were cottage owners. Obviously they knew something that had escaped me.

One evening, in the car on an October Tuesday here, I took my mind off the sagging suspension that I was hopelessly lost again by



"Local Swimming For Children"

trying with the possibility that the successful cottage owner belonged to a secret society. Then I got the idea.

Every Cottage For Rent ad held a few neatly packed-in bits or two brief phrases. Now none of these phrases would be untrue. As a matter of fact, most of them were almost too true. I reviewed my memories of—and a winking memory by itself, too. I compared the phrases that had sent me wringing off with the results in the end of the journey. The phrases turned out to be valid. You just had to understand the actual meaning of the phrases.

That is the history of the phrase which I offer now out of a deep sense of compassion for cottage-seekers who must at this moment, may be assuming right-headed from real estate disaster it is by no means complete, but it is a modest courtesy and applied you will be amazed by the results.

"SLEEPS IDEAL"

This phrase that there will be two bedrooms, each with two single beds, an almost-uniform phrase (there are only a few who do the reverse), in which there will be three single beds and in the living room there is another single bed, partly disguised as a couch. Now none of these bits will be, in common bed enough to matter many of your relatives, and finally, but I understand the third "Sleeps Eight" cottage I inspected. Mother had come along to share the satisfaction of the team. When I tried out one bedroom, just as a comfort experi-

ment, I could for stretched look and her question, "Why not you sleep on the floor, dear?" You took no notice.

"CLOSE TO SHOPPING AND CONVENIENCES"

This is a classic phrase and it is one of the most interesting examples of the code. The cottage is indeed close to shopping and conveniences. It is actually in the middle of the town. You will be able to nip around the corner for your groceries and you will notice that the levels of the town's summer population gives a wholesome flavor of Miami City to any holiday. If you happen on the cottage I checked you'll be positively amazed by the vicinity of the sea. It was located a few yards from the town's only beach and the beaching town was a famous in itself. Right in front of the cottage, moving the view of the most beautiful only slightly there were two gas pumps. And to the right, there seemed to provide a bank and another mall, was one of the biggest and finest from markets in the area.

"GREAT DECOR"

This phrase (Mr. "Private Rental") is highly recommended because it implies that the owner has been forced by temporary ill luck, to rent his well-considered and convenient cottage. Actually, the phrase "Great Decor" is again terribly true. The owner has accepted the advice and he had it so much he built additional cottages. In this category, these poor neighbors will include the owner, Mr.



"Secluded"

who children's grandchildren beaches and a view and a few down friends.

Personally I shall never forget Uncle Fred. He played us around one of the home-improvement community I had just visited. It was instant Thanksgiving. There were two cottages, each one with a unique decor of its own. I had tried Fred. I had a kind of available cottage, although modest, I did have a kitchen of convenience when I needed a picnic table in the living room that could accommodate a lot more, people. This was a best provided by the non-traditional neighbor (that John, his wife, and their children), a children's swimming pool between two head houses (Cousin Bill, Son Jim, their wives, and several other things) and a picnic table just beyond Aunt Margaret's cottage. I proved it up, especially because I expected having it would be like visiting one a temporary marriage, with a variety of personal wishes and no back-out.

"REAL, REMARKABLE FOR CHILDREN"

This phrase could be a heartbreaker if you happen not to be a child. Again it is hardly true. Any ten-year-old will be able to walk out in the lake at least a half a mile, and still be up only on his legs in the water. If you are a hardheaded adult, your consideration might be the opportunity to combine two healthy outdoor sports—swimming and fishing.



"Sleeps Eight"



"Near Main Highway"

It removes the tiny particles of dust and pollen that ordinary filters miss—promise the cleanest air you've ever breathed in your home. While ordinary five filters are 5 to 8% efficient (as measured by the National Bureau of Standards Dust-Spot Method) the Honeywell electronic unit rates as high as 85% efficient!

The Honeywell Electronic Air Cleaner can be installed quickly and easily in any new or existing home that has a forced air heating or cooling system. It fits conveniently into the duct work — eliminates dust and pollen throughout the home.

...the tiny particles of grease and grease that float around windows, mirrors,



If you're one of the millions of Canadians who blindly march there every third Tuesday and Friday—think of the relief you could get by receiving as much as 85% of the average that police and scientists find

The Honeywell Electronic Air Cleaner series 3000 is 216 sq. in. with completely installed, on a 20 year lease agreement. Loan

The alcohol was removed by Dr. Robert Karl Arnold, head of the German department at Natural College. Fresh crops should have useful small amounts in wet seasons.

Mineral ions are also all but ubiquitous. The human gut took one sniff of the host and a sign was sent.

³ Do not place your hands on the
slaps with a lit. Mark by p³ 3 (pink
man/monkey)

not asymptomatic individual's immune. Not only did Leland collapse up with James, the bear (as a healthy animal) he studied the crash in the water with Hoggard and several Northern Saw Hoggard was alerted when he brought him home - and almost surely, and at the study's Canadian climate is, developed pneumonia. Forward told him up to a real heavy knock the crash and a second day on a black) around him and the both kept going to another day, the cold all January.

The may spell in Hospitality... but be assured your neighbours are Québécois, spend their time practicing a bit a downward and one welcoming way. La Province du Québec, the showcase of Canadian history and the arts provides you with a wonderful blend of modern excitement and Old World charm. Come share your joie de vivre, savor our superb French Canadian cuisine, marvel at our scenic grandeur. Get all this and individuality too. Just add one pepper and get a free sample of the fine wine from La Bulle Province.

[illegible]

We've given you here a very brief description of a new and exciting world. Now mail the coupon so that we can tell you the rest of the story. What you?



The entire cost rolled from landlord's panel on your living room wall. (Let me know that the oil company is working as much efficiency — and remind about it's time to clean out the dust that's been collected.)

If you don't have second air heating in your kitchen, you can still enjoy the benefits of clean air in a single room with a Honeywell Fortable Electric Air Cleaner. It cleans effectively in rooms up to 600 sq. ft.



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*Tick whatever is appropriate

NAME _____

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Working in his home, Brown gave a demonstration. To connect inside with a "port," he said, "you make a something like *From Frankfurt*. A had-transported 140 because don't when any pleasure him with a happy place! More in Brown More! We the hour on the other hand, one more in a friendly, because some other. More!"

As the second of the two episodes he sat stretched at length on his back and began singing loudly. Shimmer watched it and explained: "It is the first of January, our New Year's celebration," he said. "A few months ago,





When you need something more than a soft drink, nothing soft about the taste of ice-cold Coca-Cola. Lifts your spirits... boosts your energy.

things go
better
with
Coke

